

LOCAL MENTION

More stormy weather is again in prospect.

30 x 3 1-2 Tires for \$11.00 at the Farmington Tire Works.

Master Ferman Castleman is wrestling with an attack of tonsillitis.

Miss Cynthia Gruner, of Doe Run, was a Farmington visitor Tuesday.

COOK STOVES, blue and gray enameled, \$87.—Boswell & Helber.

Dr. and Mrs. Lee Raden motored to St. Louis Sunday, returning home Tuesday.

Mayor C. A. Tetley made a business trip to St. Louis Monday, returning Wednesday.

See those Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires at the Farmington Tire Works.

"Spotty" Skaggs and Richard Bannister, of Bonne Terre, were in Farmington visiting Sunday.

Mrs. R. Sheets and daughters, Mrs. Roy Sheets and Miss Alma, were Doe Run visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Seabecker returned home yesterday from St. Louis, where she was successfully operated on.

Recorder Henry O'Bannon was compelled to leave his office Wednesday by an attack of malaria.

Rev. and Mrs. Will Law, of Ada, Kan., arrived Monday for a few days visit with relatives and friends.

Sam Ragsdale, of Route 3, on Tuesday was called to the bedside of his mother at Bismarck, who is quite sick.

G. N. Bess, of Black Oak, Ark., this week purchased three fine Herefords, two from Ed. Turley and one from H. Crowe.

Stop! Look! and Buy!—at the Old Bank of Farmington building, Saturday, the 27th, at 3 o'clock.—D. A. R. Bazaar.

A Mr. Moore, of Knob Lick, died last Friday at his home, of pneumonia. He was buried in the Knob Lick cemetery Sunday.

Tom Clavin and family motored to St. Louis yesterday to spend Thanksgiving with relatives. They will return home Sunday.

J. W. Neel, one of Leadwood's good citizens, was a business visitor in Farmington Tuesday and called to renew his Times subscription.

Mrs. J. A. Hughes, who was recently taken to the National Hospital at Flat River to be operated on, is reported to be in a critical condition.

Mrs. Jake Groves, of St. Louis, who visited her son, Harry Groves, in Doe Run and friends and relatives here last week, returned to her home Saturday.

Mrs. Barbara Smith was called to St. Louis Saturday by the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Theresa Eller, reaching there only in time to attend the funeral.

Miss Margaret Henderson, who is taking the nurse's training course in St. Louis, will arrive home tomorrow for a hurried visit. She will return to her work Sunday.

The Times force took a vacation yesterday, "talked turkey", and ate up everything they could get. Therefore this week's issue is a few hours late—but can you blame us?

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Williams returned to Farmington Tuesday from their splendid farm at Bricey, Ste. Genevieve county, and will spend the winter in their fine home here.

Leo Miller and family left yesterday for Murphysboro, Ill., where were called by the serious illness of Mr. Miller's mother, Mrs. John Miller. Leo is a conductor on the electric road.

Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Patton drove in from Cape Girardeau Wednesday and spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Patton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Giessing. They will return home today.

Ruffner Lloyd and family and brother, Robert Lloyd, all of Cape Girardeau, spent Thanksgiving with their mother, Mrs. Anna Lloyd. Both the Lloyd boys have good positions in the Cape.

Ed B. Aubuchon, an excellent citizen of the French Village neighborhood, was here Wednesday to pay his taxes and called to have his name again enrolled on The Times subscription list.

STOVES FOR WOOD, fair stock, ranging in price from \$8 for big size King Heater to \$17 for cast-iron top and bottom with cast lining. COAL STOVES, new and second hand.—Boswell & Helber.

The very serious illness of S. J. Tetley caused hosts of friends grave uneasiness Wednesday morning, but by evening his condition had materially improved, and the prayerful hope is that he will soon regain his normal health.

The U. D. C. gave a fruit shower Wednesday afternoon, for the benefit of the Orphanage, which was entered into with zest by all members, and over six dozen quarts of excellent canned fruit was added to the closets of that institution.

E. G. Henroid, the Desloge confectioner, was a business visitor in Farmington Monday and called to renew his subscription. Mr. Henroid also paid for an additional subscription, to be sent to his brother, Henry, at Valley Mines, for a Christmas gift—a splendid selection.

That splendid old friend of The Times, Geo. S. Matkin, writes from his Bismarck home renewing his subscription, and requests that the address be changed for the present to him at Sierra Madre, Calif., where he will again spend at least part of the winter, as has been his custom for several years past.

What more appropriate Christmas gift can be made, for relative or friend, than a year's subscription to The Farmington Times? There is nothing else that could be secured, even at a much greater price, that will insure pleasant thoughts of the recipient to the giver, for at least fifty-two times, than such a Christmas gift. Try it. You will be pleased, as will the one receiving such gift.

Mrs. M. E. Blanton, of Fredericktown, spent Thanksgiving with her aunt, Mrs. R. Fugate.

Mrs. Bugg, wife of Judge Bugg, of near Skikeston, arrived Wednesday for a visit with her brother, Judge W. A. Mitchell, of Esther. Judge Mitchell met her at DeLassus. Mrs. Bugg is about 72 years old, and this is her first visit to her brother for a number of years. It will be a real Thanksgiving occasion for them.

Eugene Karsch, one of Farmington's most excellent young men, left Saturday for St. Louis, where he has accepted a position in the Night and Day bank. For several years past Eugene has been a trusted employee in the Farmers Bank of this city. His departure to a larger field of service is a positive loss to this city.

F. C. Elayer and family returned Sunday from Albuquerque, N. M., where they went three months ago with the hope of improving the health of their 6-year-old son, who had been suffering severely from asthma. The health of the little fellow appears to be considerably improved, and they returned to their former home for the reason that living conditions are so far superior to what they are in that country. Mr. Elayer was formerly a popular conductor on the electric railway.

Joseph Leopold, field man for the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, will spend next Thursday and Friday in Farmington as a guest of the Farmington Chamber of Commerce. He will put in the two days in looking over this field and boosting the community spirit. On Friday evening a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce will be held, when lunch will be served, and Mr. Leopold will make a talk on the best method of stimulating more life and activity in the organization. Prospective members will be invited to this meeting.

DIFFERENCES

When the American Woolen Co. closed its mills, to keep up prices, that wasn't a strike, but good business, regrettable but necessary.

When farmers propose to hold their grain for fair prices, that is a strike, un-American.

When the State of New York starts out to build two state grain elevators to aid the grain dealers and exporters in that state, that's fine and just co-operation.

When North Dakota would build a terminal elevator for farmers, that's revolutionary, paternalistic, class legislation.

Funny how things are fine and dandy until they get mixed up with the farmers.

FISHIN'

Fishin' teaches me a lot! There's no sure 'n' certain spot Where I'll always catch a mess, Hame to hunt it, more or less; Sometimes strike it right away, And there'll come another day When I'll have to work like sin 'Fore I get a big one in; Change the bait an' move along, Where the current's not so strong; Or the wind can't get a sweep, Or the pools aren't quite so deep, Till at last I chance to light On a place where they will bite.

Fishin' teaches me to wait, Patiently an' try my bait; Let's me know on many a day I can't always have my way, Things aren't going to suit my whim, I must stick with patience grim If I know that I am right; Till at last they start to bite; Times I've hooked a beauty, and Worked a half an hour to land Him alongside o' the boat, Then he's spit it from his throat, Jumped the hook an' got away—

Learned right then from Mister Fish I can't always have my wish; Things won't go the way I choose, There are times I'm bound to lose, Times I'm just about to win, An' I think the prize is in Reach o' me, somehow I find That the fates have changed their mind.

So it is with life, I guess, Mixed with failure an' success, Gain and loss are bound to fall In proportions to us all; Patient, we must work an' plan Just like every fisherman.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Economy.

"Here is a fine tonic which will quickly bring back your husband's appetite."

"Dear me, doctor, I've been getting along so fine with my market money since he lost his appetite."—Boston Transcript.

The Compromise.

"Does your wife object to your playing golf?"

"No, we've made a compromise."

"That is?"

"Yes, she's perfectly willing to have me play the game, but she insists on my not talking about it after I get home."

British After Trade.

British merchants are planning exhibitions in large cities of China to recover their commercial position lost during the war.

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Office in Tucker Building

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FLAT RIVER, MO.

Thoroughly modern equipped examination room. We grind our own lenses. ANY broken lens duplicated same day received.

THE CHILDREN'S KINGDOM

The baby of the manger, overlooked by the mild-eyed oxen and worshiped by the wise men with their frankincense and myrrh, came to establish a new kingdom—the Kingdom of God.

One other kingdom He established on this earth to make glad the hearts of all at this blessed season—the Children's Kingdom of Christmas.

At midnight the portals which shut his magic kingdom off from the workaday world swing silently open. At dawn the little people of the realm begin to troop into it. Little pattering



feet, funny little forms clad in nightclothes swarm through the open gates of the Kingdom of Christmas and take possession of the day.

The horns blow, the rattles sound, the drums beat, rations of sugar plums and comfits are served out to the pajama-clad army. Chariots, carts, donkeys and automobiles speed across the carpeted plains, and the reign of the children reveals itself out to a sleepy end at nightfall, with dolls

and swords clasped in hands which cling on after the eyes have fallen shut in sleep.

It is a great day, a day of sweet foolishness, a time for the baring of hearts too long screened from the eyes that long to look into them and see love enthroned.

Make the most of it, the best of it and all you can of it. It comes but once a year. Most people find themselves unable to buy the presents they would like to buy for Christmas. Some find the season a time of unhappiness for that very reason. Try not to feel thus. It is not the presents bought or received that make the day of

good. It is the love spent and not the money that counts.

The DAY should break down every barrier between hearts estranged and be the starting point for better relations and new affections—and above all, it should be the day of the Children's Kingdom.

And whenever Christmas is made the children's festival—based on love—His gentle spirit will be in the midst of it.



HUMOR OF BOYS

"MY next door neighbor has a boy who is going to get into trouble if he doesn't reform," said the retired merchant. "He's always playing idiotic tricks on me, and I'm getting tired of it. This morning, as I was leaving home, I found my front gate nailed shut, and I had to climb over it, and nearly broke my back doing it."

"I wouldn't give three cents for a boy who didn't play tricks," replied the hotel-keeper. "I expect you were as giddy as the rest of them when you were young. Whenever a boy puts up a job on me, and I feel myself getting mad, I recall some of my own exploits when I was a lad, and that enables me to forget my troubles."

"I was looking through an ancient album last evening, and saw the pictures of a lot of people who fell off the earth many years ago. They were venerable men and women in my schooldays, and I had played tricks on every one of them; not with malice aforethought, but just because a kid must have his fun."

"There was a picture of old Aunt Betsy, who used to come to our house once in a while, on a visit, and as soon as she came she took charge of everything. She knew how to do things better than anybody else, and she was always criticizing my mother's methods. Whenever mother started to do anything, Aunt Betsy would take the job out of her hands, saying she would show the right way to do it."

"I had heard somewhere that if you put a drop or two of acetic acid in a gallon of cream, that cream will never make butter. I had a great memory for such facts, and kept them on file where they would be useful. One morning mother said she would have to churn, and she got things ready. I knew that as soon as she started Aunt Betsy would want to show her how it should be done, so when I had a chance, I dropped some of the acid into the churn, which was one of those old twilight affairs, with a dasher that you worked up and down until the butter came."

"Mother seated herself on a stool and began churning, and then Aunt Betsy came along, and said that while she was a modest and unassuming woman, she did claim to know a little more about churning than anybody of her weight in that part of the country. 'Let me do it, my dear,' said she, 'and I'll have butter in seven minutes by the clock.' So she took hold of the dasher and began slapping away with it. She worked and worked, and the sweet began rolling down her face, and every once in a while she'd lift the lid of the churn to see what

ailed the doggone cream, and then she'd pour in some cold water, and then some hot water, and the more she wrestled away, the less sign of butter was there."

"She whanged away at that ding-busted churn for two hours and couldn't get results, and she was so mad and disgusted over it she wanted to pack her trunk and go back home. Mother saw me rolling around in the yard all doubled up with unholy mirth, and she realized at once, by deductive reasoning, that I was responsible, and the licking I got that evening took the edge off my sense of humor for three weeks."

"Another time, Uncle James was visiting us. He used to sit in a rustic chair under an apple tree and doze, after dinner. He had a bald head, and his hat always slid off after he had snored a few times. One day I sneaked up behind him with a feather and began tickling his head. He'd slap his dome of thought and cuss a little, and then doze again, when I would get busy with the feather. That went on for quite a while, and I was having the time of my life. I never heard any language more highly colored than Uncle James put up."

"My mother heard him saying things, and came to the door and asked him what was the matter, and he said a ding-donged lopsided fly was chewing his scalp off. He had chased it away three million times, but it always came back. I got another licking that night, and my mind was overclouded with serious things for a month."

A Simpleton.

Our idea of a simp is a man who marries a lady lawyer and then tries to make an alibi stick.—Dallas News.

About Twenty-eight.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"What are the middle ages?"

"Why, the middle ages, my boy, are the ones which, when the women reach, they stop counting."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Possible Trouble.

Muggins—It's strange that Wigwag doesn't succeed. He seems to have no difficulty in catching on.

Buggins—Maybe the trouble is he doesn't know when to let go.

Hard Hit.

"What's wrong, old man? You look blue."

"Had a scrap with my wife this morning."

"Oh, don't let a little thing like that worry you. A thunderstorm clears the atmosphere, you know."

"Yes, but that doesn't help a man who's been struck by lightning."—Boston Transcript.

Of Course.

"You made a big howl that you were out for civic betterment."

"We did."

"Yet your program consists solely of getting your crowd into office."

"Well, ain't that civic betterment?"

New Rich.

"Well, what's on the tapis today?" asked the social secretary breezing in.

"I hadn't noticed," answered Maw Hoptoad. "Maria, did you spill anything on the tapis?"

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When we say "BUY THE BEST"—that doesn't mean the most expensive shoe you can find. It means to buy reliable shoes at a reliable store—and expect to pay a price that will buy reliable merchandise.

KARSCH'S Farmington, Missouri

GIRL MAKES DARING PARACHUTE DROP



Miss Sylvia Boyesen, of England, recently staged an act in Denmark which made ten thousand people hold their breath, when she dropped over one thousand feet from an airplane by parachute in a terrific fall. She was fortunate to land in a swamp, which broke the force of the fall and left her uninjured. A few minutes later she continued her journey by plane to Copenhagen.

SUNDAY AT THE CHURCHES

Presbyterian Church
Service Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Dr. C. C. Schuttler will preach. No evening service.

Lutheran Church
H. Hallberg, Pastor.
First Sunday in Advent, the Beginning of a New Church-Year.
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.
Preaching service at 10:30 a. m.
A hearty invitation is extended to all not having a church home.



Over fifty years ago a young physician practiced widely in a rural district and became famous for his uniform success in the curing of disease. This was Dr. Pierce, who afterwards established himself in Buffalo, N. Y., and placed one of his prescriptions, which he called "Golden Medical Discovery," in the drug stores of the United States so that the public could easily obtain this very remarkable tonic, corrective and blood-maker. Dr. Pierce manufactured this "Discovery" from roots and herbs—a corrective remedy, the ingredients of which nature had put in the fields and forests, for keeping us healthy. Few folks or families now living have not at sometime or other used this "Golden Medical Discovery" for the stomach, liver and heart. Over twenty-four million bottles of this tonic and blood remedy have been sold in this country.

STAY ON THE FARM

A reader complains of the slump in farm products and he asks, "Shall I stay on the farm as long as the bank will stay by me or shall I go to town where I can get a job at \$5 a day?"

As a farmer, this man has credit at the bank and business standing. That's something.

As a wage earner he couldn't borrow 10 cents at the bank. Neither he nor the banker would know how long he could hold his 5-dollar job.

Town jobs are not so plentiful as they were. They are coming down.

The current is turning from town to country. If this man believes he can swim against it let him try.

But even if farm products are getting the short end of the deflation process, as necessarily they will as long as farmers are not adequately organized, this is a poor time to quit the farm. Five dollars a day does very little for a family in town.

Moreover, it should be easier farming next year. Labor has been on the auction block and the farmer has been an unsuccessful bidder for man power—but the auction block is shrinking.

—Exchange.

NOTICE

I will write Fire Insurance anywhere in Jefferson, St. Francois or Washington counties. Farms, Country Stores or City Property. Let me know your wants. —W. E. Crow, Gen. Ins. Agent, DeSoto, Mo. 47-4t

WARNING

Hunters MUST keep off of my farms; otherwise will be prosecuted. James E. McCormick.

Classified Ads.

MULES FOR SALE—Several good work mules for sale. Federal Lead Company.

WANTED—Salesman for Farmington and vicinity. Commission contract only, for spare time or full time. We will teach you to sell income protection through our free school of instruction and help you build a business of your own. Massachusetts Bonding and Insurance Company, Accident and Health Dept., Saginaw, Michigan. Capital \$1,500,000. 47-2t

LOCAL MARKET REPORT

Prepared by McAfee Produce Co. Who are Paying the Following Prices Today:

Eggs, per dozen	69c
Hens, per lb	16c
Old Geese, per lb	16c
Ducks, per lb	20c
Spring Chickens, per lb	18c
Stags, per lb	12c
Old Cocks, per lb	12c
Lard, per lb	20c
Hides, per lb	2c
Leghorn Spring Chickens, per lb	16c
Light Hens, per lb	12c
Quinn's, each	20c
Old Turkey, per lb	24c
Young Turkeys, per lb	30c
Veal, per lb	10c to 12c
Bacon, per lb	15c
Hams, per lb	25c
Shoulders, per lb	15c
Old Potatoes, per bu.	\$1.25 to \$1.50
Muscovy Ducks, per lb	10c
Rags, per 100 lbs	75c
Lead, per lb	2c
Good Butter, per lb	45c
Packing Butter, per lb	20c
Rubber, per lb	1c
Iron, per 100 lbs	20c
Zinc, per lb	2c
Aluminum, per lb	10c
Inner Tubes, per lb	1c
Copper, per pound	5c
Bones, per 100 lbs	25c
Brass, per pound	5c